

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Being Natures liery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall,

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ò answere mee,
Let mee not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones heard in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should wee doe? *Beekons.*

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraignty of reason,
And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many sadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Berul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artyre in this body
As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore Ghost,

D

Ghost